

SHINING TIME STATION (w.t.)

EPISODE #8  
(UNTITLED)

Working Draft  
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Revised 4/12/88

From characters and series storyline  
created by Britt Allcroft and  
Rick Siggelkow

(FADE IN.)

(MAIN SET-- STACY, MATT, TANYA DOING MAINTANENCE WORK:  
STACY MOPPING FLOOR NEAR PLATFORM ARCH, {MOP, BUCKET},  
MATT POLISHING BENCHES {CANS OF POLISH, RAGS}, TANYA  
BUFFING TICKET BOOTH {ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS STANDS ON  
LEDGE}).

TANYA

I can't believe we have to do this.

STACY

Do what, Tanya? Clean up the  
station?

TANYA

Yeah. I mean, why? People are  
just gonna come in and mess it up  
again.

STACY

I wish they would. Business has  
been terrible lately.

MATT

I never saw people cleaning train  
stations. I thought they just  
sort of stayed clean  
automatically.

STACY

Like by magic?

TANYA

Hey, that's a good idea!

(CROSSES TO STATION HOUSE.)

TANYA (cont'd)

Mr. Conductor? Could you come out  
and clean, please?

MR. C. (O.S.)

What does it look like I'm doing,

Miss Tanya?

(ANGLE ON TOP OF ARCH: MR. C. IS SUSPENDED IN MID  
AIR--OR, STANDING ON SOME WOODWORK--CLEANING THE CREST  
ABOVE THE ARCH ("1835-1935"), WITH A TOOTHBRUSH WHICH  
MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE YET. TANYA GOES OVER.)

TANYA

I mean clean the whole station.

By magic.

MR. C.

I don't use magic for cleaning.

It doesn't reach those

hard-to-get-at places.

MATT

What do you use instead?

MR.C.  
(holds it up)

A toothbrush. It's quite effective.

— explain

Since Mr. C can do magic,  
let's get him to ~~magically~~  
clean the whole station  
by magic.

STACY

I still vote for magic.

Otherwise, I need clean water.

(SHOVES BUCKET INTO PLAIN VIEW.)

STACY (cont'd)

This batch has had it.

(SHE GOES TO WRONG DOOR, SIGHS, AND OPENS IT--).

(INSERT: "FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES" SCENE FROM  
GOTTERDAMMER-RUNG-- BRUNHILDE IN HORNS, TURBULENT  
MUSIC. A BEAT, THEN--).

STACY

Sorry. Wrong door.

(SCHEMER ENTERS BRISKLY. THEN HE STOPS DEAD.)

SCHEMER

Nice tune. I always liked that  
song. Look at this place! What a  
mess!

STACY

That's why we're cleaning up,  
Schemer. Remember, this station  
hasn't been used in a long time.

SCHEMER

~~Who cares about the station?~~ I ~~spatter~~ <sup>spatter</sup> ~~mean~~  
mean all these buckets and mops  
and rags. Yuk!

*whether Shining Time  
Station is shiny  
clean or not.*

MATT

The people who come to ride the  
trains care about the station.

TANYA

So do the people who get off here.

SCHEMER

Matt...Tanya... You're a fine  
couple of youngsters. But do me a  
favor-- do your little cleanup  
jobs, but don't kid yourselves,  
okay? The only important thing  
around here is the Arcade.

STACY

(laughs; incredulous)

Oh, come on, Schemer. Even you  
don't believe that.

SCHEMER

Keep laughing, Stace. But you  
know why business has been so bad  
lately? <sup>no advertising</sup> Promotion. We're not  
<sup>doing commercials for</sup> pushing the one decent attraction  
we have. Entertainment!

*Promotion is too difficult  
for young viewers*

STACY

What about the trains?

SCHEMER

They're history.

(HE WALKS AROUND THE STATION, GESTURES TO MURAL.)

SCHEMER (contk'd)

I mean, all this stuff -- wagons  
west, Davy Crockett, fifteen years  
on the Erie Canal -- who needs  
it?!

(STOPS AT ARCH; SEES CREST; POINTS.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Wait a minute. Who cleaned that?

MATT

I did.

TANYA

I did.

STACY

I did.

SCHEMER

Then how come the ladder's not  
out? This place is haunted.

(INSERT: MR. C. ON FLOOR, SHOVES BUCHET INTO SCHEMER'S  
PATH.)

SCHEMER (con't)

Anyway, I'm telling ya: travel is over. People all got where they wanted to go. Now they want to have fun. That's why they come here -- for the Arcade--.

(HE STEPS TOWARD ARCADE, AND PUTS FOOT IN BUCKET, YELLS.)

STACY

You're lucky I haven't done that part of the floor yet, Schemer.

SCHEMER

Lucky? Tell that to my shoe!

(PULLS OUT FOOT; START FOR "STREET").

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Listen. I've got big plans for this place. Business is gonna triple. Cleaning up is kid's / stuff. I mean , no offense, kids, I love ya. But let's remember who's really important around here.

(HE SLOSHES OUT. STACY RETRIEVES BUCKET.)

STACY

Now I really need clean water.

(SHE TAKES BUCKET AND EXITS OUT TO PLATFORM.)

MATT

Cleaning up isn't kid's stuff.

(MR. C. APPEARS AT STATION HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Charming bloke, that Schemer.

TANYA

He said what we are doing isn't  
important.

MR. C.

Nonsense. In a job like this,  
there are big things to do and  
little things to do. But they're  
all important -- because they all  
help bring the station back to  
life. It reminds me of the fuss  
the <sup>big tender engines</sup> tenders made when <sup>little</sup> Thomas left  
the main line to work with Annie  
and Clarabelle.

MATT

What are tenders?

*They thought they were  
too big to do the  
little jobs that needed to be done*



MR. C.

That's right, you don't know, do  
you? Tenders are engines that  
have their own coal car attached  
right behind them. Sometimes they  
like to put on airs -- well,  
you'll see.

*word play*

*vocabulary*

(DISSOLVE TO THOMAS EPISODE #15 -- "TENDERS AND  
TURNABLES".)  
(DISSOLVE TO MAIN SET -- MATT AND TANYA UNDER STATION  
HOUSE AS BEFORE.)

TANYA

What does that mean -- "go on  
strike"?

MR. C.

*got together and all*  
It means they refused to work. -- *until things were changed*  
*they got what they wanted*

MATT

I wish Schemer would go on strike.

*eh?*

(WE HEAR SCHEMER ENTERING BUSILY. MR. C. NOTES IT  
TOO.)

MR. C.

Not much chance of that, I'm  
afraid.

(-- AND HE DISAPPEARS.)

TANYA

Wait--!

(SCHEMER ENTERS, ARMS FULL OF ROLLED-UP POSTERS AND TAPE.)

SCHEMER

Wait what. Who is she talking to?

MATT

Uh--me! She wants me to wait.

(TO DISTRACT HIM; FAKE ENTHUSIASM.)

MATT (cont'd)

Gee, what's all that neat stuff,  
Schemer?

SCHEMER

(as he puts down all but one)

Matthew, my lad, this is: the  
future. With the proven  
techniques of modern advertising,  
I am going to drag this place into  
the 20th century. Voila!

(HE IS HOLDING ONE POSTER, STILL ROLLED UP. HE LETS IT FALL OPEN, TO REVEAL: VISIT THE ARCADE--THREE FEET AHEAD.)

MATT

"Visit the arcade, three feet  
ahead." Gee, that's...uh --

TANYA

It's the dumbest thing I ever saw  
in my whole entire life.

(SCHEMER GLARES AT HER, THEN, PHONY-NICE, AS HE  
GATHERS UP ALL THE POSTERS--).

SCHEMER

It's good, the way you feel free  
to express yourself, Tan. I like  
that. I like that a whole bunch.

(HE TURNS AND GOES TO MURAL, DROPS POSTERS, AND TAPES  
(PINS?) ONE OVER THE MURAL. HE CONTINUES UNDER--).

MATT

Hey, what are you doing?

SCHEMER

Like I said, Matt. Advertising.  
Wanna help?

MATT

No!

SCHEMER

Absolutely right. Why should you  
help the other guy make a buck, if  
there's nothing in it for you? So  
here's the deal--

(HE APPROACHES MATT WITH TWO POSTERS, AND HOLDS THEM UP TO MATT'S FRONT AND BACK, AS THOUGH ON SANDWICH BOARDS.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

How about you wear these out on  
the street. Just walk back and  
forth, maybe yell "Check it out"  
every two minutes. How's a penny  
sound?

*aloud  
read what it says*

(OFF MATT'S HEAD-SHAKE.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Two cents. One for each side.

MATT

Schemer, forget it.

SCHEMER  
(to Tanya)

He's tough. I like that. Okay.

A nickel.

MATT

No! These posters are awful!

*an idea*

(SCHEMER DROPS THEM AND CROSSES TO JUKEBOX, UNDER--).

SCHEMER

Ah, never mind. Why should I give

you a nickel when I can give it to  
myself? Gotta have some music for

*by putting it in my machine,*  
*to play a song and getting it out later.*

*popular*

SCHEMER (cont'd)

this job. What's a good <sup>song</sup> number  
for putting up posters. . . How  
about "Pop Goes the Weasel". . .

TANYA

What's that got to do with posters?

SCHEMER

(losing patience; with an edge)

Nothing. I happen to like "Pop  
Goes the Weasel." Is that all  
right with you?

(OFF TANYA'S PHONY-SUNNY SMILE AND NOD.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

All right. Now everybody just  
relax. We'll listen to "Pop Goes  
the Weasel" and maybe have a few  
laughs. On me.

(HE PUTS NICKEL IN THE BOX. CUT TO.)

(INT. JUKEBOX -- THE PUPPETS ARE IN PLACE.)

BASS

You're wrong, hon. There are nine.

PIANO

No, no, I'm sure there are eight.

TEX

What is this all about, Rex?

TEX

Thank you, Rex.

REX

You're welcome, Tex.

BASS

Look, count 'em, there are nine;  
Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars--

PIANO

Earth?

BASS

Of course, Earth! What do you  
think?

PIANO

I don't know. . . I guess I never  
thought of Earth as being a planet  
before, that's all. I always  
thought of it as. . . you know. .  
home.

DRUMS

You guys ready to play Pop Goes  
the Weasel, or what?

(SFX: MUSIC UP, AS THEY START PLAYING.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: MUCH OF THE MURAL IS NOW COVERED WITH POSTERS. CONSPICUOUSLY UNCOVERED IS THE STATION HOUSE. SCHEMER STANDS UNDER IT AND THINKS.)

SCHEMER

I gotta put one up there. I hate  
gaps.

MATT AND TANYA

No!

SCHEMER

I'm gonna need some help on this  
one. I know just the guy.

(HE EXITS. THE KIDS RUN OVER TO STATION HOUSE.)

MATT

Mr. Conductor! Quick!

(MR. CONDUCTOR EMERGES FROM HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Did I hear my name mentioned?

TANYA

Schemer's going to cover up your  
house!

MR. C.

Without asking my permission?

Cheeky fellow, isn't he?

TANYA

I wish we could stop him. But we  
can't do anything around here.

MATT

Yeah. Just dumb little jobs.

MR. C.

I thought we talked about that  
bit. There's no such thing as a  
dumb little job. Here, do you  
want you see how important a  
little job can be? Try looking  
behind the Anything Door, then.

*look*

MATT

(going to Door)

What is it this time?

(HE OPENS DOOR -- INSERT: ACQUIRED FOOTAGE:  
LIGHTBULB FACTORY.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: WE SEE SCHEMER ENTER, AND SEE THE  
KIDS REACT TO HIM.)

SCHEMER

C'mon in, Ed. Meet the gang.

(MED CU ON KIDS: WE SEE THEIR WIDE-EYED REACTION,  
UNDER --).

SCHEMER (O.S.)

Matt and Tanya. Nice kids. They  
got big mouths, but nobody's  
perfect.

*a different line?*



MATT AND TANYA  
(ad lib awe, shock)

(ANGLE ON SET: ED ON STILTS STRIDES IN.)

ED

So this is the place, eh, Schemer?

SCHEMER

Depressing, huh? You should have  
seen it before I put the posters  
up.

(INDICATES STATION HOUSE.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Over here's where I need your  
help. Think you can slap  
something up there?

ED

(walks over and examines it)

Sure. No problem.

(INSERT: MR. C. APPEARS IN DOOR WITH SELTZER BOTTLE,  
SPRAYS ED IN FACE, DARTS BACK INSIDE.)

ED (cont'd)

Hey!

(ED REELS TOWARD TICKET BOOTH AS HE WIPES SELTZER FROM  
HIS EYES. KIDS STARE AND LAUGH.)



*Establish what  
his purpose is*

ED

Very funny, Schemer. You dragged  
me in here just for one of your  
gags?

SCHEMER

I don't know what that was!

(TO KIDS; ANGRY.)

Okay, who did that?!

MATT

(sweetly innocent)

The little man who lives in the  
station house.

(SCHEMER GIVES MATT A LOOK AS TANYA RUNS TO PAPER  
TOWELS ON TICKET BOOTH LEDGE AND TEARS ONE OFF.)

TANYA

Here, Ed.

ED

Thanks.

(DRYING OFF, EYES BOOTH).

Say, what is this?

TANYA

That's the ticket booth!

ED

It's kind of nice. All this  
stuff...

SCHEMER

(holds up two posters, both awful)

Yeah. Gorgeous. Look, Ed, which  
do you like better?

ED

This whole wall is one big picture?

MATT

It's called a mural.

(HE STRIDES OVER TO LEFT-HAND WALL, TRIES TO PEER AT  
CRACKS BETWEEN POSTERS, THEN TAKES CORNER OF POSTER IN  
HAND AND --).

ED

Schemer, mind if I have a look?

(-- HE PEELS POSTER BACK (OR UNPINS IT) TO EXAMINE  
WALL.)

SCHEMER

Hey! I bought you here to help  
put 'em up, not take 'em down!

ED

This is great! I love these  
old-time paintings!

(STACY ENTERS FROM PLATFORM WITH NEW BUCKET OF WATER,  
AT FIRST NOT SEEING WHAT'S GOING ON, CHATTERING.)

STACY

Sorry I took so long. But that  
sink needs a new handle--

(SHE STOPS, MOUTH OPEN, AND SEES: ED, POSTERS ALL OVER MURAL, SCHEMER GLOWERING, ETC.)

SCHEMER

Uh-oh. . .

STACY

Schemer, take these down!

MATT

Aunt Stacy, this is Ed.

STACY

That's a short name for a tall  
person.

(REACHES UP TO SHAKE HANDS; CAN'T?)

STACY (cont'd)

Stacy Jones. I'm the manager.

ED

This place is very interesting.  
It's got a certain feel to it...

(NOTICES PLATFORM; POINTS TO IT.)

ED (cont'd)

Say, wait a minute. What's out  
there?

MATT

That's where the trains come.

ED

Real trains? Gee, you know, I've  
never been on a real train. Where  
do they go?

STACY

(runs behind ticket booth)

You name it.

ED

Um...St. Louis?

*change to fictional name?*

STACY

(as she prepares ticket)

Coming up! But won't it have to  
be a pretty tall train?

ED

Not really.

(STEPS OUT OF STILTS.)

ED (cont'd)

Ta-da! Round trip!

(CU: MATT AND TANYA REACT AS THEY REALIZE HIS SECRET.)

STACY

Come on, I'll show you the  
platform.

(THEY EXIT, ED CARRYING STILTS UNDER HIS ARM.)

SCHEMER

Terrific. Now I gotta go find  
another guy on stilts!

*why?*  
— to reach those posters?

(HE EXITS. MR. C. PEEPS OUT OF STATION HOUSE.)

MR. C.

Is he gone?

MATT

Good shot, Mr. Conductor!

MR. C.

I hope he wasn't too upset. But I  
didn't want him papering over my  
house. I'd be trapped in there --  
and you'd never hear about what  
happenend when the trains went on  
strike.

*word  
play*

TANYA

I forgot! Did they go back to  
work?

MR. C.

Not exactly. . .

(DISSOLVE TO THOMAS EPISODE #16 -- "TROUBLE IN THE  
SHED").

(DISSOLVE TO INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- HARRY IS  
TINKERING. MATT AND TANYA ENTER, GO UP AND STAND  
SILENTLY NEAR HIM. HARRY HUMS TO HIMSELF A BAR, THEN  
SENSES KIDS , STOPS, LOOKS AT THEM.)

*follow up to #16*

HARRY

Afternoon.

(-- AND HE RESUMES HUMMING AND WORKING.)

TANYA

Grandpa? You know those big  
sticks you stand on?

HARRY

Big sticks? Stand on 'em? Sounds  
like something you saw in a dream.

TANYA

Those big sticks. You stand and  
walk around on them to be tall.

HARRY

You mean stilts. What about 'em?

POLLY

Can you make us some?

HARRY

No.

(HE GOES BACK TO WORK, BUT THE CHALLENGE NAGS AT HIM.)

HARRY (cont'd)

'course, I can show you how to  
make a close approximation. Kind  
of like elevator shoes.

MATT

Wow! do they go up and down?

HARRY

Not quite. You do.

(HE MOTIONS FOR THEM TO WAIT. HE GETS FOUR COFFEE CANS, WITH PLASTIC TOPS, A BALL OF TWINE, AND A CENTER PUNCH.)

HARRY

Actually, you can't do this.

Grown-up has to do it. But it's  
easy. You get some empty cans  
with tops, punch holes in the tops  
like so. . . and just tie 'em on  
your feet with string.

?  
purpose?  
with anything sharp

(HE DOES SO, TYING TWO TO TANYA'S FEET. SHE STANDS AND CLOMPs AROUND.)

TANYA

I feel like an ~~astronaut~~ Thanks,  
Grandpa!

a skyscraper

(-- AND SHE HEADS FOR THE DOOR.)

MATT

(eager, itching)

Um... Harry, could you--

(HARRY CALMLY MOTIONS FOR HIM TO SETTLE DOWN, AND STARTS TO MAKE A PAIR FOR HIM.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET -- TANYA AND MATT CLOMP AROUND NEAR THE NICKELDEON, AS STACY ENTERS FROM PLATFORM.)



STACY

Let's go, you guys. We have to  
finish cleaning up.

MATT

Come on, Aunt Stacy. We're taking  
a break.

STACY

Finish the job, and you can have a  
break for the rest of the day.

TANYA

Do we have to?

STACY

No. You can look in the  
nickelodeon instead.

(KIDS CLOMP EAGERLY OVER TO IT. STACY LOOKS SLY, THEN  
RESUMES WORK. KIDS START NICKELODEON--).

(CUT TO MUSIC VIDEO.)

(CUT TO MAIN SET: MATT IS BUFFING FINAL BENCH, TANYA  
FINISHES POLISHING INFO DESK, STACY FINISHES MOPPING,  
AS SCHEMER ENTERS, STANDS AT INFO. DESK.)

*dance with cans on feet*

SCHEMER

So. Lots of customers see the  
signs?

(ALL THREE SHAKE HEADS NO.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Maybe a couple?

(AGAIN ALL SHAKE NO.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

One?

(ALL THREE STOP WORK, LOOK AT HIM, SHAKE HEADS NO.)

STACY

And you said business was going to  
triple.

SCHEMER

So, I exaggerated to make a point.

(STOPS, EXAMINES INFO. DESK.)

SCHEMER (cont'd)

Hey, this is nice. When'd you get  
it?

STACY

Schemer, that's the Information  
Desk. It's been here for fifty

years. — *you just never noticed it ~~when it was~~*

SCHEMER

*dirty until it was  
clean*

This? This this? It looks  
great! What'd you do to it?

MATT

We cleaned it.

TANYA

Matt washed it and I polished it.

SCHEMER

You guys did a heck of a job. In fact this whole place looks terrific. Almost as good as the Arcade.

STACY

Thanks.

SCHEMER

But it's like I always say: the little jobs, the clean up jobs, the polishing and mopping jobs -- that's what's important. So. Who's gonna help me take down the posters.

MATT

Really?

SCHEMER

I been thinking about it. The Arcade's a class joint. All these signs -- too tacky. It doesn't look nice.

KIDS

Yaaay!

STACY

Boy, Schemer, I was afraid next  
you'd want to do them all in neon! *signs*

SCHEMER  
(stunned, inspired)

Huh? Wait. Say that again.

(STACY GROWS APPREHENSIVE, URGENTLY WAVES THE KIDS TO  
PULL DOWN THE POSTERS. THEY RUN OVER AND DO SO, AS--)

(MUSIC UP, OVER -- SCHEMER AND STACY MIMING ARGUMENT  
OVER HER "SUGGESTION." SHE TRIES TO DENY IT, HE GETS  
MORE AND MORE EXCITED, UNDER --)

(FINAL CREDITS.)